METROPOLITAN MOONSHINERS

Kentucky Mountaineers Outdone In the Suburbs of New York City.

Deputy William Cadzow of the First on the cellars in the rear. district, United States internal revenue service, only a few days ago led a party of fellow officers into the dense woods near Jamaien, N. Y., known as the "Black Stump district." There he captured members of the Strumpf band of illicit distillers and sellers of illegal whisky. It was the result of a long and perdistent search on the part of the men of Collector Moore's staff, including Depu ties Rawlins, Webster, Krisletter and

The "Black Stump district," says the New York Herald, is one of the most abandoned spots within 100 miles of New York, the ideal place for moonshiners to carry on their nefarious trade. I visited the spot, armed with only a camera, and

found it unspeakably desolate. The silence of the tomb reigned through the dense undergrowth, which seemed to be abandoned of every living creature, and a thick matting of dried and sodden leaves made a carpet which drowned every footfall like velvet.

Here and there through the forest was seen the little huts of the Polacks, living in more or less of squalor and with no apparent means of livelihood, yet apparent ly well fed. Moonshining with them is no pastime. It is a business, and one which requires the nicest caution. Ever and anon through the creepy thicket was seen a dark figure fitting from shadow to shadow, leering this way and that, suspicious and yet arousing the gravest suspi-Though clothed in the garb of poverty, the moonshiner is not a poor man. He merely takes on the habit of mendicaney so that he can plead innocence if sary flight, to leave nothing more valu-

stove behind him.

On the occasion of Deputy Cadzow's raid he found the suspicious hut—and, in-deed, the whole outlying district—under armed guard. Upon the approach of the invaders a password was whispered through the silence of the Hyrcanian wood, and several of the gang took to their heels. One of two made a show of

"It was scarcely a typical raid," said did not catch any of the men in the actual manufacture of the spirits at the The raid was one of a series which we have followed up in the dense forest districts about Jamaica and other nearby Long Island villages. The vicinity seems to be particularly favorable to the carry- the thousands. ing on of the moonshining trade, being accessible to the market-Brooklyn and from human habitation in parts as the great Dismal swamp of the south." "Do they work in bands, as the panhandlers,' the burglars and other crim-

"Always," said the deputy. "This was the Strumpf gang, and we caught the principal offender. The bands in both New York and Brooklyn are well organized and generally work co-operatively with those of the outlying districts. Some of these rings are very rich and power-



BUNNING DOWN MOONSHINERS IN NEW YORK. stance. It first operated on the west it was discovered that Greenfeld had thousands of dollars in many banks and owned blocks of houses.
"He was about to start for Russia,

having made enough over here in about five years to retire from business. Morethey were not caught red handed, as it were, they got off with a heavy fine for having an illicit still on their premises, so they lay low for a few months. The side and fatted up a cellar in Madison Here they thrived mightily. They had lined the interior of their cellar with zine, so that the smell of the mash was kept in, for it is often the peculiar odor of steaming mush that betrays them." "A good revenue officer has a keen sense of smell, then?"

"Yes; it has led to many a raid in most of the gang pretended to turn state's evidence, saying that he had been robbed by Greenfeld. He told us that the gang was working at the old game on the west side. away up in One Hundred and Fortieth street. This was to put us off our guard, and it did for a time, but one day, white passing through Madison street in civil-ian clothes, a deputy noticed that a cer-it will be remembered, has that not un pail business. It was presided over by a During the temporary absence of the big Russian woman, who could not speak English. The deputy bought a glass of sodar out as the glass had not been washwell he detected the faint odor of ly fresh spirits, so familiar to him. He l he and his fellow deputies made a raid at the keyhole!"

"The five ringleaders, including Greenfeld and our misinformant, were cap-



INNOCENT LOOKING ILLICIT DISTILLERY. might have remained there coining mon ey to this day, but it seems that the thrifty wife of one of the gang went into the game on her own plan and begon selling illicit whisky to such of her tri ndin the quarter as knew what to call foraccused of owning are illicit still or the fruits of one, and also, in case of necessary—and the Ginger Ale, 'Sarsaparilla' sary flight, to leave nothing more valuated and other spouts of her little soda foun-able than wife, children and a cooking tain flowed pure illicit gin, whicky, rum and what not when the occasion demanded. The whole neighborhood was surplied with whisky at the expense of the saloon and the internal revenue, for she sold a pint of pure whisky for a dime, and it was remarkably good stuff too." "Then there is money in making illicit whisky?

"Certainly, else why would men take such great risks? You can make a good grade of whisky from molasses, doctorinit as you see fit or as customers demand. The actual cost is from 18 to 30 cents a galion. The revenue tax is \$1.10 a gallon. Now, if a man wants to take the time. We merely seized all suspicious lon. Now, if a man wants to take the paraphermalia and carted off our prison risk and has an illicit distiller whom he can trust, he can buy his whisky for 60 or 80 cents a gallon, and the distiller will make from 200 to 400 per cent profit,

"In the first place, the most of the spirits is high proof say 90. This is the New York-and yet as far estranged way it is bought, but it is difuted almost one-half before manipulated and sold. This gives the retailer an enormous proft, but his risk is also very great, and if he runs away to escape capture he usualleaves a good deal of valuable stock

"Yes; they all get rich in the illicit distilling business if they can keep at it long the farther side of the corral. enough before being caught, but it goes hard with them then. There was a man at Bayside, for instance. His name was Sprohl, but he had half a dozen aliases, Take the Greenfield gang, for in- and his acquaintances were legion. We whisky pouring into New York and trookivn, and we scoured the Black Stump' and other forests with guns and ostensibly hunting game, but ail n vain. One morning the citizens of the ittle village of Bayside heard a tremen dons explosion and ran to a small build ing which was occupied by a modest saon keeper and his family. It was right on the main thoroughfare too. The whole the yard, and the stench of hot mash was

a talebearer to the four winds. When the deputies arrived there, they found the owner of the place burying ome copper trumperies in a compost hean, although in the explosion of his retort he had himself been blown through the back of the house and landed near the barn half dead with the blow and the Two children, sleeping by the side of the distilling room in the upper rear chamber, were nearly blown to at-

"It seems that Sprohl only kept the saloon as a blind, and neighbors said that for a man who only caught an occasional oft drink wheelman he did a great busi ness, for every night or two there arrived a wagon filled with barrels, and while some of these were rolled into the cellars of the tiny 'saloon' others were rolled out. The truth of the matter is that while we were hunting through the woods for this man he was on a prom nent highway turning out about \$50,000 worth of spirits every year and had con-

Believed In Divining Rods.

A correspondent states that he has found written in an old edition of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," published in 1640, the nity to pump. following method of discovering gold un-

der the earth: "The finding of gold, which is under the earth, as of all other mines of metal is almost miraculous. They cut up a other in the left, not held too slightly nor by passed away.

too strictly. r place where gold or silver is hidden, it will discover the same by bowing down Marie Del Costillo's Husbands All many-not proceeding from any incanta tion, but a natural sympathy, as iron is attracted by the lodestone."-Mirror.

Mrs. Kendal was once playing at Dulusual domestic accessory, a jealous wife wife Galatea was about to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion when an old lady in the audience called out warning

place for days, and finally gone out, an it'll be like her to be stoppin

Geo. J. Renner's .. BEER is .. Superior to .. All Others Lager Beer Brewery All Orders by the Barrel or in Bottles promptly attended to.. Tel. No. 80

THE GREAT

"ALL BAR-BEN SOLD AT LESS

THAN 50 CENTS A BOX IS NOT

termined not to vempt the fates again by

fourth venture upon the matrimonial sea.

were happy for a few short mouths. One

raing while out walking by himself

Storey entered what is known as the

ken word would make him the center of

an eddying whirlpool of monosyllables

that would flutter about him like birds of

the night of evil omen, while a spoken sentence in an ordinary tone would engulf

him in a whirlpool of rushing, neisy ech-

ocs. Perhaps that was why he lost his

Husband No. 5 was an Englishman named George Prouter, an heir to Eng

lish estates and an ordent, determined,

earnest lover. He laughed at the fears

of the terror stricken widow, declared

that she was morbid and finally married

her against her protest, telling her that

break the spell of misfortune that seemed

round of social pleasure and success it

England, but before he could take her

away from her surroundings he acci-

dentally shot himself while hunting a

few weeks after their marriage and was dead before his friends could carry him

For two years she again donned wid-

ow's weeds, and, although in less than

a year after Prouter's death an old suitor

made his second proposal for her hand,

she held out until in 1894 she finally

gave up, and in sullen disregard for the

consequences she married Beam Camp-

bell. Two months later she was totally unmoved when she learned of the catas-

trophe that made her a widow for the sixth time. Her husband was in a mine

elevator when the machinery broke, and

The following year the seventh hus-

band. Rey Costillo. a young Mexican,

undeterred by the fate of the previous

six, with passionate fiery fervor, vowed

that he would break the fatal charm that

surrounded her life and, in spite of her

warnings, succeeded in inducing Marie

Prouter Campbell to take the seventh

journey to the altar, and in just 28 days

after the wedding he was caught in a

treacherous quicksand in Amador county.

Cal., and was suffocated in the yielding.

sinking deathtrap before help could reach

the Yaqui Indians. Every rebel cap-

tured has in his possession a picture of

Pricto Casseia Harris Helmuth Storey

He had planned their future as one

would take her across the ocean and

reason and shot himself.

GUARANTEED BY US."

Tragic Fate of the King of "Broncho Busters."

CRUSHED BY A BACKWARD FALL. How a Vicious Animal Threw the Most Skillful of Riders In the Only

Possible Way - Whalebone Backs

and Artillery Reels. In the death of Camden R. Hathway which occurred as the tragic sequence of a horse ride in San Luis Obispo county, the west, and hence the United States loses its most distanguisaed broncho

For six years Cam, as he was called distilling rooms were odor proof. They | broke bronchos for the Kem County Land company. This corporation was weighted with the possession of a string of beasts whose prime qualities seemed to be the ability to make whalebone of their backs and artillery of their heels.

When introduced to the band of the land company's animals, says the San



HOW HATHWAY WAS KILLED. Francisco Examiner, he asked to be shown the most refractory of all the beasts. A large, black, shiny fellow with a white eye and a high head was pointed out to him. The trainer approached him riding a favorite pony. As the latter drew while the retailer's profit will run into near the wild animal retreated to the side of the corral with its hannches toward him. He lifted his head high and turned it over his silky black mane until the white of his shiny eye glared on Camlike a beacon. The intrepid rider, however, moved boldly up to the rear of the beast. It was apparent there was going and the situation was getting interesting to the score of cowboys and farmhands who at a safe distance lined the fence on

hools and kicked viciously at the pony and its rider. It was a fateful move for the black. The pony sheered aside as deftly as a prizefighter ducks a right got wind of the fact that somewhere on Long Island there was a deal of illicit (Camil Island there was a deal of illicit Cam's lariat had caught the two fiving hoofs, while the pony gave a little ruforward, and the big beast lay sprawling and writhing in the dust, a tumbled mass of defeated horseliesh, which henceforth would no more think of kicking than he

would of flying. Recently Hathway and a man named Dennis Wilkinson went on horseback from Arroyo Seco, in San Luis Obispo county, to Porter's ranch, in what is known as the Huesna district, a distance to negotiate the sale of some horses. The vaquero rode an especialty wild horse, which, though he had long had it in some measure under control, was never-They reached the place in safety and without incident, but on the return Cam's steed began his pranks. He at first started bucking and humped his nearly double, while he high from the ground. Hathway grew angry and began jabbing the spurs into the beast in the endeavor to get him on a run, but he would not run, save to nake fitful starts of a few paces, then stop suddenly in the endeavor to throw

rider over his head. It was while he was making one of these plunges that Cam drew him back with a sudden and severe jerk of the bridle, when the most surprising and shocking catastrophe occurred. The ani mal ceased his forward motion with a jerk and reared on his hind legs. Camthought nothing of this, for horses had reared with him before, but so infuriated was the beast that it did not seek to recover itself, but rose erect upon his hind hoofs and then fell backward in a heap, and this before Hathway had opportu

The young man was thrown violently to the ground, his head striking a large stone. He did not feel the weight of the ngly brute as it fell back upon him, though none of his bones was broken by which divides above into a fork-holding and, though he lingered through the the one branch in the right hand and the night, on the following morning he quie

SEVEN TIMES A WIDOW.

Met Violent Deaths. Marie Del Costillo of California nas had seven husbands, all of whom met death in some violent form. When she was 19 years old, she fell in love with a young ranchman and stockman, Jose Cassela. They were happy for nearly two years and then one day her husband fell from a wagon. When picked up, his Full was found to be fractured. He was billed instantly and never snoke near lien some years ago. killed instantly and never spoke again. After remaining a widow for or in 1883 she was wooed and won by Man-

that name. For eight months nothing occurred to mar their happiness, and then one day her husband had a bad fall, breaking his leg. Instead of the break aling and the bone knitting as it should, blood poisoning set in, and in a few

For two years she remained a widow, but her youth and beauty proved such a strong magnet and the importunations of her suitors so persistent that she in 1886 married Felipe Helmuth, a miner. This time her conjugal happiness was of short duration, for within five weeks ofter the marriage there was a cave in at the mine where Helmuth was working, and his crushed and almost unrecognizable body was recovered a few days later.

To be thrice widowed in four years

"How about you?" "Well, I had to behave myself."-Chicago Record. alarmed the beautiful widow and she de-

because he was the littlest,"

ed because he was the biggest."

her, and on the back of each is inscribed

one of her weird prayers. The Indians eredit her with the power to perform mir-

expreise evil spirits. Though frail and

delicate, she possesses great magnetic

"Don't you think it is cruel to keep

"I do," answered Mr. Barker, "When

think of those pampered pets being

fed and tended and left with no ob-

is suffering for sleep at 6 a. m., it

The Fate of the Other.

"My elder brother always got bumor-

"And my other brother got humored

those feathered songsters in a cage?"

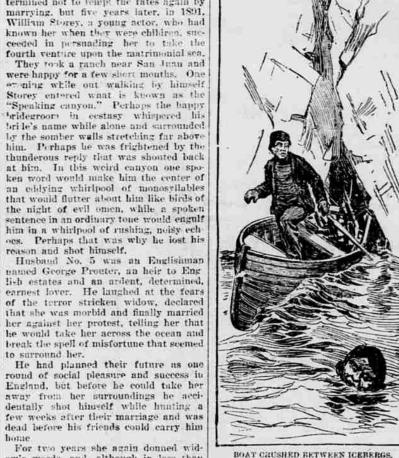
asked the sympathetic man.

CAM HATHWAY'S END. BAR-BEN CAUGHT IN ARCTIC ICE. Thrilling Adventures of an Artist In Alaska.

> A Cold Swim to Escape Being Crushed Between Walls of Ice-Dodging an Avalanche and Hanging to Glacier In Midair.

Bar-Ben is the greatest known nerve tonic and blood purifier.

"creates solid flesh, muscle and STRENGTH, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich, and causes a general feeling of health, power and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers, and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should perfect a cure. 50 cts. A BOX; 6 boxes. \$2.50. For sale by druggists everywhere, or mailed, sealed, on receipt of price. Address DRS. BARTON AND BENSON, 31 Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O. Of all the tales of almost miraculous escapes from instant death that have come from Alaska this year the experiences of Arthur Pillsbury are the most thrilling, says the San Francisco Call. Pillsbury is the Stanford student who went on a photographing tour through last year and brought back a large numof wonderful views. This year young Pillsbury returned to Alaska and was appointed by the United States government to make a series of panoramic



riews of the coast and the banks of the Yukon. Pillsbury has only been on this work a few weeks, but has already had a

number of adventures. "I suffered more on the White pass than I did at any other time during all my stay in Alaska," Student Pillsbury writes to his brother, Dr. Pillsbury of San Francisco. "I had to get into the Atlin country to get some views before he went crashing to the bottom of the shaft to be crushed to jelly at the end of was the only way to make the trip. "I made the trip over the pass and got

my views all right, but it was when I started back that I got into trouble. I left the settlement at the foot of the pass early in the morning, and from all indications, the weather was going to be fine. The air was clear and bracing and not too cold. But you can't tell what is going to happen in Alaska. "Refore I was half way up the pass

there was a sudden change, and I came near making up my mind to go back. The air got cold, and a light fog came in from the sea. My better judgment told me to go back, but the thought that my journey would be ended if I got over on the other

When near the summit, it commenced The belief grows in Mexico that Santa to snow, and the wind blew a hurricane.

Teresa is responsible for the uprising of Then I wished I had gone back, but it was now out of the question. All I could do was to find a place somewhat sheltered from the wind and crawl into it. When I was as comfortable as could

expected under the circumstances, which was not very comfortable, I pu my hand in my pocket for my lunch, but it was not there. I suppose it must have fallen out on the road when I was bucking against the blizzard. Then my sufferings commenced.

"I tucked the blankets as tightly around me as possible, but could not keep out the snow. I got as cold as ice and got up and ran about in the effort to keep warm, but it was all no use. So I crawled back into the blankets and shivered. All night lay there almost numb with cold. wind blew harder and harder, and the darkness was intense. I began to wonder if I would ever see San Francisc again, and the sufferings of hunger almost drove me crazy. But the longest night always comes to an end even if it did seem to some of us like an eternity. Toward morning the wind went down and when the sun rose the air was clear and cold. With difficulty I arose and scarcely move and in the effort to get on my wheel took a severe tumble. But it did me good by shaking me up and got me in condition to ride. The road was fine and all down hill, and it didn't take me long to strike a place where I got warm and something to eat. Then I was ready for another tussle with the ele-"My experience on the glacier was

ost terrifying and frightened me considerably, but otherwise did no harm. I had been working on a point that o all appearances was as solid as a rock, and so it was for the time being. I got my picture done and had my camera

over my shoulder, ready to go down to

Suddenly I felt a tremble in the glacier and instinctively stepped back from the edge. The tremble became more and ore violent, and I went on a run for big rough spot that looked solid, but was too late. Just as I was about to ten on it the ice under me gave way. clutched at anything I could reach and oon found myself hanging in the air with one hand tight on a projecting piece

"Beneath me tons and tons of ice wen thundering into the sea, several hundred feet below. Then the portion of the glacier to which I was hanging shifted its position and turned so that I could climb up to a safe place, but it was a narrow

"The next day I was working in the same neighborhood and had occasion to row through a canal between two ice bergs. I had rowed through the sam place before and never thought of danger ject in life except to wake a man who way through, I was horrified to see the two walls of ice slowly coming together seems simply inhuman."-Washington My Indian helper got dreadfully excited, and it was all that I could do to make him sit in the boat and pull at the oars As we worked along, each second seem ing like a year, the icy walls got close and closer together. Soon the walls were so near we could not use our oars and had to take them out of the rowlocks and se them as paddles.

"It was not more than 100 feet to open water, but it looked to us like miles ns we struggled madly at the paddles. Match her new Now it was 50 feet, and the two walls troit Free Press.

paddle, but forced our boat along by pushing on the walls of ice.

"When the entrance was only ten feet off, the ice walls touched against the sides of the boat and behind us the way was

blocked.
"With one good shove we sent the boat flying ahead, but not quite fast enough, for the end was caught between the two icebergs and crushed to splinters. BUCKING AGAINST A BLIZZARD. "Of course my Indian helper and my self both imped into the icy water and

> could climb out." DO SHARKS EAT MEN? Donbt Cast Upon Many Thrilling Sto-

had a long swim to find a place where we

Some authorities aver that there no man eating sharks, but stories of human meals made by "tigers of the sea" ere exceedingly common among seafar-ing men, says the New York Press. At the same time men who know all about sharks and are not fond of drawing the long bow declare these big fish to be great cowards. One of the best authenticated man eating shark stories comes from the Cuban coast. It is told by man who had lived along the shores of the gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea for years and had never known a shark to bite a man. One day he went sailing with a friend. When the friend jibed without taking in the sheet, the boom knocked him overboard. Some one jumped to the helm, put about and threw an oar to the map. He seized it and be gan swimming for the boat, when suddenly he sank below the waves with a wild scream, "as if jerked from below,"

"It was believed he was eaten by a shark," says the story teller, "but no blood was seen in the water, nor did the man eater come to the surface, if there was one. It certainly looked suspicious but I have seen men co down almost as suddenly with cramp or fright."

Another man eating shark story comes from Honolulu, the supposed victim of "sea tigers" being Joseph Lawrence, an aeronaut, who went there some years ago to give aeronautic exhibitions He made several ascensions successfully, coming down by means of his parachute in the sea, near shore, but one day he was carried some miles out over the sea and beyond the reef. It was two hours



before a tug could be got rendy. Then no trace could be found of him and it was generally accepted that he had been eaten by sharks. The consensus of opinion seems to be

that the sharks which swim in tropical waters are prope to eat human flesh if they can get it, while those which abound in colder seas are not so dangerous. Still there are few men who would take the risk of swimming alongside a shark of any breed in any sea, and the fishermen of Maine assert that the small sharks of their coast, known colloquially as "dog fish," are man killers of the fiercest type. They tell stories to bear out the assertion, too, but not many of their stories contain convincing details as to names, dates and localities

In Abu Hamed, in the Sudan, is the grave of a British officer which has the reputation among the tribes of the Sudan of being haunted. It is the resting place of Major Sidney of the Duke of Cornwall's light infantry and bey in the Egyptian army, who was shot while charging at the head of his regiment. the Touth Sudanese, in the battle of Abu stood on my feet. I was so stiff I could | Hamed, Aug. 7, 1897. The natives are convinced that it is watched regularly every night by the ghosts of the native oldiers who were killed at Abu Hamed and who mount guard over their dead commander's tomb, challenging, with every military detail, all passers by. implicitly is this legend credited by the blacks that none of them will after dusk approach the grave. Any one doing so is selieved to be promptly halted by phantom sentry, and even the words (in Arabici "Guard, turn out." are often plainly heard some distance off across the desert.

> "The best way to tickle a man's vanity," says the Manayunk philosopher, "is to tell him he hasn't any '-Philadelphia

Do you remember the story of Harry's and George's rabbits-how Harry's rabbit got out of its butch and disappeared for a week and at last crept home without its tail to die and how, when Harry cried bitterly over his dead tailless rabbit. George tried to comfort

"Don't cry, Harry, dear; don't cry. It's only the body you seel The tail has gone to heaven."-"Memories and Fancies." by Lady Gordon

Wenry's Friend. Weary Willie and his friend Frowsy, strolling along the seashore, stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Bathing Is

Dangerous. Quicksands. Weary Willie-Dere, Frowsy; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea uv t'ings an ain't afraid to say so, an if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him.-Leslie's

Obstacles to Travel. "Maud is not going away."

"Sick?" "No; she can't find tan shoes match her new leather satchel."-De-

Papa will never consent.

out his consent."

a beggar.

"Jack," sobbed the girl, "it's no use

"We must be patient, Jack. Papa wil

never relent. Whenever I speak of the

subject he talks about family pride and

mere clerk in my father's employ.

to have \$4,000 a year."
"I know all that, dearest, and I'd love

you every single bit as dearly if you were

Jack Davis had grown thoughtful dur

ing the last few moments. As Ethel fin-ished speaking he raised his head.

"Ethel," he said, "your father's family

"Yes, sweetheart, I have. But I can't

"But, Jack, dear, if there is to be any

"Dear little girl!" answered Davis, ten-

"I mean that you must show surprise

your marrying me."

Jack, forbidden to call on Ethel at her

father's house, had met her this January

friend, with whom she was going to dine

they said goodby on the steps of the friend's house, "at what time do you ex-pect to go home tomorrow morning?"

"About 10, I think," she answered.

"Will you promise to reach your fa

"Why, yes," said Ethel, utterly mysti-

Amos Marston sat leisurely glancing

over the paper in his dining room the

The mantel clock struck 9 as the stolid

butler entered the dining room and an-

Amos Marston started at the name.

Then it occurred to him that Jack, in his

capacity of assistant superintendent, had

called in reference to some matter of

A moment later Jack Davis entered the

oom. His demeanor was easy and con-

"Well?" remarked Davis, sitting down

unbidden and smiling benignly on the

There was a short pause, and then Da

said. "Congratulate me on my marriage."

sewered Mr. Marston. "I am glad you have got over your infatuation for my

daughter and married some one in your own rank of life. Who is it that you

have honored now with your adoration?"

"Miss Ethel Marston," coolly replied

Marston quickly reviewed the events of

the past day. Ethel had left home on

the plea of spending the night with a

friend She had then met this fellow by

"Ethel will be here at 10 o'clock," went

"I came on ahead to talk to

appointment and secretly married him.

Marston's only answer was a groan.

The thing was done. There was no

pell fiercely, scribbled a few words on

"See that each of these notes is sent at

The cards were addressed to several

well known members of the social coterie

which the Marston family adorned. On

have been secretly engaged, with my full consent,

for some time, are to be married at my home at

ness (in his capacity as junior partner in the firm of Amos Marston & Co.) causes this hurried

daughter accompanies him. May I beg you to be present at the marriage? Amos Manston.

At exactly 10 o'clock the bell rang, and

Ethel Marston entered the house. Mars-

"Since you have chosen to disgrace the Marston name by a vulgar elopement,

your both making such slight reparation

as is in your power. Mr. Davis, on your

return from Europe you will be my part-

traveling expenses. But," with a break in his stern voice, "Ethel, I'll never for-

give you this deception on your poor old

father. I make this concession to save

bur family name from stigma. But mind,

I demand that you both swear never to

reveal the fact that you were secretly

Five minutes later Jack Davis and

When all the guests were gone, Davis

turned to the angry old Marston and

"I'm afraid, sir, you misunderstood me

I never said I had married your daugh-

ter last night. When I said, 'Congratu-

late me on my marriage,' I referred to

Amos Marston glared at him open

"Jack," he said, "a man who could

trick me in that way will be a great ac-

quisition to the firm. You deserve all

you got. God bless you both!"-New

POET BURNS AS A PUGILIST.

Masonie Souvenir of His Fighting

A part of the Masonic altar that once

brought the Scottish bard, Robert

Burns, in dire disgrace before his

lodge is now in the possession of a

Chicago woman, Mrs. W. F. Funch of

4350 Sliney avenue, and is treasured

Mrs. Funch is by birth a Canadian

of Scotch origin. In the days when her

grandfather, George MacRae, was

young he attended the same lodge as

did Bobbie Burns and was one of the

"lichts" of the town. One night before

lodge meeting the poet and MacRae

Bousing at the nappy.
And gettin fou and unco happy.

And then arm in arm they sauntered

All would have gone well had not

Burns desired to show his Masonic

slowly to the room where the Masous

by her as a family heirloom.

Ability Owned In Chicago.

my approaching marriage.

onthed

York Journal.

sat long together

were wont to assemble.

Ethel Marston were man and wife.

married last night."

ner. Here is money enough for your

ton called the two young people aside.

use crying over spilled milk. He rang the

half a dozen cards and handed them to

once to its address," he commanded.

My daughter Ethel and Mr. John Di

"I am heartily glad to hear of it,"

"I may as well come to the point," he

fied, and was out of earshot before her

"By the way, dearest," asked Jack as

understand don't be surprised-take it as | price of a lodging.

pride is the very thing that will unite

"You have some plan, then?"

matter of course.

and spend the night.

question was finished.

"Mr. John Davis!"

business, and he growled:

vis spoke:

Jack.

manner.

the butler.

"Do von mean"-

Jack said nothing.

"Show Mr. Davis in here."

fident, vet in nowise swaggering.

following morning.

and he let go a heavy underent at Mac-Rae, arousing the latter's fighting blood, and the bout began, which resulted in MacRae being felled to the floor and Bobbie Burns throwing the four legged altar, or stand, at him as

he attempted to rise. Luckily he missed him aim, and the stand struck violently against the wall, shattering completely one of the legs. "Then let's run away and marry with

At the following meeting the two friends were brought before the order for trial. A fine was imposed on them, and they were made to replace the altar. The broken one was thrown out. asks how i, Ethel Marston, daughter of the great financier, can think of marrying and as MacRae went home he carried the stand with him.

"I'm not a 'mere clerk,' Ethel. I am assistant superintendent, and I'm carn-It is about two feet high and is of a style out of use today in the Masonic ing \$2,100 a year. In three years I ought order. It has since been preserved in the family as an heirloom.-Chicag Tribune.

HE WAS A MASON.

Yet the Unfeeling Inner Guard Gave

Him the Grand Laugh A well known Chicago publisher speaking of scenes and incidents in that city in the trying days after the big fire, said: "The great fire was a thing of the recent past and the down town portion of the city a scene of the blame I demand the right to share it with greatest confusion. About 9 o'clock in the evening, while on my way to my home in the west division, I was acderly. "I know you would shield me from costed by a man of respectable appearall blame if you could. All I ask is this, whatever is said or done that you don't ance, who asked me to give him the

"'I'm not a beggar,' said he, 'but "I promise. Jack, but I don't under-stand." I'm in hard luck. A man told me that some Masons were in session over this way. If I could find them, I'd be all at nothing-even if your father insists on right.

"I happen to know a lodgeroom on Canal street, where there is a meeting afternoon on Fifth avenue. She was on tonight,' said I. 'Come along, I'll take

her way to the home of an old school "The place reached, I conducted him up a long flight of stairs and knocked at a door

" I'm not a Mason,' said I to a man who seemed to be acting in the capacity of a guard, 'but I've run across one of your fraternity who seems to be

in hard luck. I take it you'll be glad to do something for him.' "Congratulating myself on having done a good act, I pushed my chance acquaintance forward and retreated toward the stairway. A whispered con-

versation ensued, when the guard exclaimed: "'You're not a Freemason!" "'No,' replied my late charge, but I'm a stone mason out of a job.'

"The roar of laughter that issued from the half open door made me wish myself a Mason. As it was, I hurriedly quitted the place."-Chicago Chronicle

He Saw Her Home. On a rainy afternoon not long ago

one of the pretty young matrons of Connecticut avenue left the car from which she had ridden up town and darted through the drizzle toward her home, a few doors from the corner. She had no umbrella. A Willie of the characteristic type, who was riding in the same car, noticed that she had no umbrella. He was right after her with his own umbrella up and extended.

"May I see you home, miss?" he inquired languishingly, stepping up alongside of her.

She turned to him with a dazzling "Certainly," she replied. "Watch me." And she ran up the steps of her-

home and entered the vestibule door

without looking back. "The rude thing!" muttered the Willie, blushing to the roots of its wavy ole as Lones Ioan would say then it took the next car.-Washington

Some Good Anagrams. The following is a list of very re

markable anagrams: Astronomers, no more stars; catalogues, got as a clue; elegant, neat leg; impatient, Tim is a pet; matrimony. into my arm; melodrama, made moral; midshipman, mind his map; old Englong, golden land; parishioners, I hire parsons; parliament, partial men; penitentiary, nay, I repent it; Presbyterian best in prayer: revolution to love ruin; sweetheart, there we sat:

telegraphs, great helps.

A Lofty Ambition. "My dear," said the banker to his only daughter, "I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the parlor two or three evenings each week of late. What is his occupation?"

"He is at present unemployed, father," replied the fair girl, a dreamy, faraway look in her big blue eyes, "but he is thinking seriously of accepting a position of life companion to a young lady of means."-Chicago News.

Dull of Comprehension

Old Gent (who knows the 'young man's salary)-If you and my daughter could live respectably and comfortably on \$20 a week, I should not object to the match. But you can't. Young Man-No; but my salary is \$20 a week, and that added to the \$20 a week you are talking about would make forty.-New York Weekly.

A Plausible Suggestion. "How do you say 'the duel was fought to a fatal finish' in French? inquired the novel writer. And the man who is expert at con-

cealing his ignorance replied quickly: "That isn't a reasonable question. I don't zelieve they ever have occasion to say such a thing as that in French." Washington Star.

Types of Soda Water Girls.

Now the season for the sizzling soda has arrived certain types and traits of soda water girls are found together. For instance, brunettes take chocolate ginger and coffee, just as their country cousins take sarsaparilla. Golden haired, Dresden china girls take pineapple, lemon or vanila, while Titian eauties prefer raspberry, apricot, cherry or orange phosphate. blonds, with brown hair, fair skins and dark eyes, are usually addicted to mixed flavors.-Omaha World-Herald.

Monroe Hedges, 106 years old. whipped his 80-year-old son Hiram at Indianapolis the other day and placed him in the hands of surgeons. The father lives in a little house in Ander son, Ind. He claims the distinction of being the man who drove the first spike on the first railway ever constructed in Indiana. His 89-year-old wife died recently. His strength and metal activity are something marvelous. Hiram was one of the babies of brethren how good a pugilist he was, the family.

Whipped His Baby.